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Depths and Shallows

by

Sally Bruce Kinsolving

The NORMAN, REMINGTON CO.
1921

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DEPTHS and SHALLOWS

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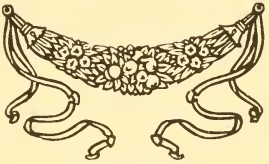
SALLY BRUCE KINSOLVING



BALTIMORE
THE NORMAN, REMINGTON CO.
MDCCCCXXI

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PS 3521
.I5875D4
1921

Printed in the United States of America

FEB -7 1922

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To

A. B. K.

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PHAROS

WHETHER a waning moon
In the quiet night,
Offering up
Her golden cup
Of beauty in the hushed, warm dark
To the rhythm of waves breaking,
And small voices
In low grasses
Softly whispering;
Or a deed of pity
In a squalid city
Street at noon—
Moments of insight
Born of these
Are harbingers of safety and of peace:
As unto mariners who embark
At length to sail
Through mist and fog, through storm and gale,
Over unfamiliar seas,
To lands far-off, unknown, . . .
Lights that flash suddenly
And are gone.

I HAVE KNOWN LOVE

I HAVE known love
In all its depth and height,
Its quick surprise at morning,
Its wonder in the night.
I have felt beauty since I was a child
In dawn-steeped gardens
Or in woodlands deep and wild.
I have sought truth
And found it on my way;
Truth, beauty, love,—these cannot end with day.

SHELL-SHOCK

UPON a narrow cot we found him lying
And suddenly we knew that he was dying.
"There are men all round about me here," he said,
"Who plot and strive and seek to have me dead.
"Be still and I will whisper now to one
And you will hear him whistle back to me."
Outside we heard the shrieking March wind groan.
His eyes flashed triumph: "Listen, that is he."

WAKING

WHEN out of deep sleep,
In the dark I am aware
Of life, it seems to stare
Me in the face
With a horrible grimace,
And envelope me
With enshrouding mystery:
But when I quickly
Lift my spirit up in prayer,
As if a child should seek its mother, there
Within her arms
To be quieted of vague alarms,
I am enfolded in such peace
As rests upon the sea
When the winds cease.

I OFTEN THINK OF HELEN

I OFTEN think of Helen,
Iseult and Guinevere,
Of Francesca and of Héloïse
And others dead and fair.
Did love, too, make them tremble,
And did it make them wise,
And did their cup
Of love spring up
With willing sacrifice?

A SINGLE STAR

A SINGLE star of pallid ray
Alone appearing to our sight
In isolated beauty, may
Infuse into the soul with sudden might
The wonder of the new resplendent day, . . .
The manifold wide mystery of night.

A CATACOMB

OUT of the noonday sunlit air
Groped a weary traveller
Led by monk in garb of brown,
With uncertain steps adown
A lengthy, winding stair
Into subterranean halls.
A candle near the old monk's hood
Sputtered, while beside them stood
Upright, caved, entombing walls,
Of gruesome aspect which appalls,
Yet with mystery enthralls
A tired wanderer.
Laid in dust on cavèd shelf
With no bone left stark to stare,
Gleaming like a miser's pelf
Under the flickering candle, there
Shone a woman's auburn hair . . . .
She was young, and was she fair?
Was she tall and iris-white
In the soft Italian night?
Had she hyacinthine eyes,
Thoughtful, deep, madonna-wise

A Catacomb

Like those framed in churches where
Tapers on high altars flare?
What was the destiny that flung
Her in that ageless, open tomb,
Imprisoned in such narrow gloom?
Was she from proud nobles sprung?
Did imperious, pagan emperor,
Caught by glint of auburn tress
Loose upon her Roman dress,
Strive to foist his will upon her,
While within her there uprose
A mystic flame all lambent white
In the soft Italian night;
And insistent, then she chose
The bold arena, gaping wide,
That forever she might be
The bride
Of endless purity?

DAY AND NIGHT

WHEN into depths of clear, translucent blue,
At noon we gaze,
The sun seems made to shine for you
And me through never-ending days.

But when in star-strewn night I stand alone
With eager, searching, upturned face,
I am an atom by the swift winds blown
Through vast, illimitable space.

SILK STOCKINGS

I WAS a child of five
And sitting on a bed
On a sleepy afternoon
When I first heard of the dead.
I was putting on my stockings,
Which were silken, gold and red.
They had come from California,
My colored mammy said.
Then she whispered to me softly,
"Child, your grandmother is dead."
She had given me the stockings
Which were silken, gold and red.

INTROSPECTION

WHENCE this poignant keen unrest—
Is it soul of the east or urge of the west?
Is it heaven or is it hell?
I do not know, I cannot tell.

A withering torch or a beckoning flame?
A demon's thrall in battle strife
Or the call of a saint in God's own name—
A curse of death or a voice of life?

A PLEA

SOME love best long, leafy lanes, thick
Overhead, and dewy grass bedecked with strawberries;
Others, roses, like lovers climbing
To the windows of sweet girls. . . .
But give me instead, O April,
Sloping hills spotted with dandelions,
And orchards laden
With pale, blossoming beauty;
Red maple buds against the wide sky,
Tawny and grey leaflets throbbing into life,
The sudden green of the willow,
A patch of emerald wheat,
Forsythias in a blaze of glory,
And strong winds blowing white clouds
Athwart great gaps of blue.

EXPERIENCE

YOUTH had reached
The topmost stair
Of life.
Yet, as she looked around,
So lightly poised in air,
She had no otherwhere
To go,
And she knew
She must descend unto
The ground.
There,
To her astonishment, she found
Beneath her feet
All things that she held most sweet;
For guarded safely on the earth
Are treasures of the greatest worth,
That to every woman are
Far dearer
Than the glitter
Of a star.

APRIL

I

THE lamps of spring are shining
On every windy hill;
Her troth is newly plighted
In gold of daffodil.

To deck her for her bridal
The orchards spread their bloom;
With gifts of shimmering silver
The mountain brooklets come.

And when her lover hastens
To greet her with delight,
He will find her veiled in moonbeams
Some witching April night.

II

GOLD and green is April's dress
As forth she fares in loveliness
Across the meads of spring.
Scarfs of silver mist she trails,
Sombre boughs in gauze she veils,
Over hills and deep in dales
Violets loosely scattering.

III

WINTER miserly and old,
His priceless treasure guards
within the hold
Of hidden coffers;
But with what sudden largess
Does the spring
To wanton airs
Her golden bounty fling!

YOU NEVER KNEW

YOU never knew my heart
Was crying out with pain
Like a curlew calling
In the cold, spring rain.

You never knew my soul,
Like a wild sea bird,
Went roaming with the winds
That the bell buoy heard.

You never knew my spirit
From pain first felt surcease,
When crushed within your arms
At last I found peace.

NIGHT AND MORNING

WHEN night with certain tread her way is making,
She brings to us her old attendant care,
But there's a sorrow with the morning's waking
That is akin to utter, stark despair.

REQUIEM

HYACINTHS and daffodils
Fringing the grass
Round the white crosses
As we pass.

Red buds and willow trees
Painting the sky
Where the thin cloud veils
Float on high.

Song-birds twittering
In their delight,—
Drooping black figures
Draped like night:

While men lower
Into red clay
Fragile pale beauty
At close of day.

Requiem

But hearken, Christian,
Do not weep;
Those we are leaving
Are robed in sleep.

See the earth waken
Spring after spring
The dead will arise
For Christ is King.

TWILIGHT

I HAVE left the woods behind me
With all their silver song
And rain-wet
Fragrance. The evening bells
Are pealing low along
My way. Reluctantly
I turn my face toward the city's roar,
For soon I shall forget
That peace dwells
At her door.

1791-1921

THE house I live in once stood near
A leafy, winding, shady lane,
Where lilacs and sea-scented air
Were woven into April rain:

Though now within a city street
Determined trolleys pass its door,
And motors with insistent beat
Stride blatantly with shriek or roar:

Where gay attire applauds the spring
And May is marked by berry criers,
While gas wells noxious odors fling
In air begrimed by factory fires.

EVENING

VIOLET boles of beeches
In the late sunlight,
Shadows lengthening across
The golden hill;
Little birds softly fluting
Their songs of night,
Leaves forbearing to whisper,
Breathless, still;
Deep is the draught of beauty, . . .
Drink, oh drink at your will.

REGRET

THE beauty I have left unsung
Comes back to sting me now with pain,
As if pearls too lightly strung
Had slipped into the sea again.

O life, could you but give to me
The blossoms of forgotten springs,
And all delight I've burned to see
Long borne away on swallows' wings.

LUCINDA LEE

HER eyes are like grape hyacinths
The market woman sells,
Her lips are threads of coral
That grow among sea-shells.

Her moods are as the colors
That flit upon the sea,
Her mind with depths and shallows
Is compact of poetry.

But when her little white arms
Around my neck entwine,
I know it is her love
That makes her only mine.

DAY DREAMS

WHEN on a city street, and listening
To the English sparrows squawk
Their drab and carking care,
My spirit runs away
To the succulent May
Meadows, where
Musical birds are singing,
Delirious with joy.
There
I strive to tell
Whether it is wild-rose, grape or honeysuckle
That stabs me
With indefinable fragrances . . . .
And when
Again in the city,
I look up at telegraph poles,
I shut my eyes and see
Tall trees waving their branches—
Oaks and beeches and lindens—
And hear them whispering
Secrets of old time,
When Indian maidens, lithe and supple
As the arrows their lovers sped

At the wild game, found
Tryst where bracken, moss and fern are spread
In the warm and passionate beauty
Of the May days . . . .
And then,
When the dust in city byways
Chokes me, and its grime
Besoils my fingers, I hear the sound
Of waters trickling
From streams that startle
The still rocks of deep glens,
And run away mockingly,
Refusing to be
Caught or held or bound.

MY HEART IS STEEPED IN BEAUTY

MY heart is steeped in beauty,
For I have known pain,
And cypress trees and moonlight are
Attendant in her train.

I watch the children dancing
Upon a sunlit hill,
But they cannot feel beauty
Approaching them until

Their heads are bowed with weeping
Like lilies in the rain . . . .
My heart is steeped in beauty,
For I have known pain.

WHILE OTHERS WAKED

WHILE others waked I slept,—
Now while they sleep I sing
Alone in the night
To my heart's comforting.

I sing of men in cities
And lonely ships at sea,
With only white waves
To bear them company.

I sing of moonlit gardens
And silent fields of dew,
But oh, by night as in the day,
I chiefly sing of you.

MY CITY

I NEVER dreamed that I could sing
Until I came to live in you;
What was it that could sharply sting
My silence into shape and hue?

I thought that I had found content
In love and laughter, work and play;
But April after April went,
And left me brick-bound day by day.

But you are girdled with the spring,
And over your roofs on summer nights,
Beauty, while her censers swing,
Blends her perfumes with your lights.

SIMILITUDE

I THINK
Of a poet
As of a reed by a river's brink,
Shaken with each wind that blows,
Sharing the secret
Of wild iris or of meadow rose,
Trembling to the singing of a bird
When before dawn but one alone has stirred;
Startled to see
The shrunken yellow moon
Rising above the near
Rim
Of the world, in the clear
Blue night;
Or the first stripe
Of red
Staining the dim,
Drab east before the morning's light, . . .
Saturate with beauty,
Then vibrant with music,
As a shepherd's pipe.

LOVE ASKS NAUGHT

LOVE asks naught when it is love
But the flame of its own fire,
All content itself to prove, . . .
Hurt with infinite desire:

Thus the rainbow to the sea,
Mirrored in a depth of blue,
Burning with an endless beauty
In its irridescent hue.

ENCHANTMENT

ISLAND of mystery
And dreams,
Set in a western sea,
My spirit leaps too sluggardly
To catch the sudden gleams
Of your swift moods, that flee
With all the winds that blow;
For but an hour ago
You were a place of light,
With tangled blooms of blackberry
Spreading their veils of white . . . .
And now the fog drifts quickly
Across the fields of night,
While myriad golden fireflies,
Darting their eerie beams,
Give to me the fancy
That you are a haunt of fay,
Until I hear in rise
And fall the dashing of the spray.

FROM MY WINDOW

A GENTLE rustle
That I hear,
Tells me lightly
Trees are near;
Not as in a forest,
Tall
And stately,
But familiar, small,
Where a bird
May sit sedately,
Snugly hidden in her nest,
While outside with painted wings,
Boldly her little lover sings
Unto her a madrigal.
Then I, too, keep
Early vigil
While others still
Are fast asleep,
And sing, unheard, a roundelay,
To the fair returning day.

MEETING

SOME meet within walled gardens
And others on a lea;
But you and I within the mind
Discover unity.

I would not have you touch my hand,
Or faithless be
To any loyalty.

I am content to find you where
The morning sunlight paints the sea,
Or high up in the evening air
The new moon lifts her purity.

NOCTURNE

THE moon pours out a silver stream
Across my quiet room to-night;
Ah, would that I could ever dream
Within her chambers of delight.
Never to see the sun again,
Or gaudy color night defies,
But to walk in gardens where
In the fragrant, moonlit air
White blossoms shed their secrecies.
And though no nightingale might tell
Her old-world passion or her pain,
I know that in my heart would swell
The minor chords of symphonies,
Making the argent air resound
With miracle of silver sound
In long-remembered ecstasies.

WORDS

SOMETIMES, like the wind
In the trees,
With such a sudden gust
The words come, that I must
Hasten to write them down,
Lest they
Be blown away.
Again leisurely, half tauntingly,
They come and go,
As a ball
Tossed to and fro
Lightly on a summer's day . . . .
And then—
Not a sound I hear,
And suddenly I fear
That I may
Never again,
Even falteringly,
Say the things I long to say.

DUSK

A TIMID little silver moon
Was sailing forth abreast
The broken waves of fleecy cloud
Upon the purple west;
While you and I within
A fragile skiff afloat,
Were listening to the music
The water-spirits made,
With their lapping, lapping, lapping
On the surface of our boat,
And our feathered oars were dripping
As we drifted, and they played.

But soon the artist night
Had stained the sky with black,
And turned the moon from silver into gold;
Yet slowly moving homeward
Upon her gleaming track
We were loath to leave the seas,
And the quiet, dreamy music
The water-spirits made,
With their lapping, lapping, lapping,
For behind the inky trees
The golden moon was slipping,
And in the dusky shallows still the water-spirits played.

O SILENT, white, high-masted ship,
How quietly you lie
At anchor, with your limp sails hung
Against the soft grey sky;
And lightly as the fall
Of a long forgotten snow,
Returning to the mind in dream.
Calm, immovable you seem,
And can it be
That you again
Will heavily
Heave to and fro
Storm-tossed upon a distant sea?
And will you touch at ports where
Tempting fruits hang low,
Within the bronze-hued grasp of indolent men,
While in the moist, scented air,
Brilliant birds fluant their plumes
Amid the hot, red
Tropic blooms
That stain the dark of forest glooms,
Thick-tangled overhead?
Then you will fill your hold,
Empty, clean-gutted, lean,
With luscious freight of shining gold,
And coffees, and rare spices,

Whose aromatic smell
The northern sense entices;
While through the masts of swaying ships
Come beckoning tones from vermeil lips
Of the dark-eyed girls who dwell
Where southern seas still cast their spell . . . .
But lo, what happens as I speak—
The light wind fills your sails again,
Now hurry fore and aft your men;
Your anchors lift, your taut ropes creak,
Your unleashed prow strains forth with zest,
Driven by the compelling west;
While you once more unfettered, free,
Proudly ride the welcoming sea,
And round the cape, with sails full-blown,
To new adventure you are gone.

PAN-PIPES

I HAVE sometimes felt in forests
When the dank earth strong with mould
Seized my spirit like a lover,
And gripped me with its hold,
I would gladly lay my body
In the warm, sweet-scented ground,
To be wrapped around with fern fronds
And with tangled violets bound.

WAITING

OH, the agony
Of women
Living near the sea,
Watching at home
For those who do not come, . . .
With only
Mystery
And silence
To bear them company.

CAPRICE

WHAT a wanton thing your heart is, fleeing
Love and his swift shadow,
Like a sunbeam in a meadow,
While soft clouds are blowing.

But someday you will turn demurely,
When he commands you,
And like a white flower limp with dew,
Within his hold will rest securely.

MOONLIGHT

WHAT magical mystery of light is here,
Touching every leaf and blade
With silver, save where
The blackened shade
Paints the deep glade?
It can change
All
That is familiar,
Even commonplace,
Into what is beautiful and strange.
The bare, white face
Of the town hall
Now wears a semblance
As of marble made,
And one may fancy
That one sees
A staid
And stately
Chateau rising between tall trees,
Within a land of fleur-de-lys . . . .
Then it washes out the heavens
With such glory,
That only stars of ancient rhyme or story
Dare to shine within its presence,
And now meekly
They surrender
All their sovereignty
To unwonted splendor.

ON THE DOCK

THE noonday water
Like green and slippery
Serpents, lay coiled around
The high-piled dock.
Within the dingy
Warehouse there
Was not a sound
Of human voice, but stacks
Of dirty, printed sacks
Of winter food
For island cattle
Now grazing sleepily
Upon velvet downs.
Outside were orange-painted kegs
Emptied of melliflous frozen cream,
Walled like tropic fruit
In gaudy color
Against the sea.
Three men nearby were lounging
Lazily
Upon a coal barge, blowing
Their rings of smoke
Toward the sun.
Small boys with dangling
Feet were sitting
On the dock and poking fun
At daring gulls, that

On the Dock

With sudden swerve
And avid leap, were plunging
Downward, dragging
Little fish into
The upper air;
Or watching silently
Until some home returning ship
Should boldly rip
The wrinkled satin
Of the harbor sea.

SURGE

INCOMING waves now stripe the sea
Along the gently sloping beach;
I watch them as they melt away,
Each quickly overtaking each.

Thus with the years of human life,
That in such quick succession send
A little froth, tumult and strife,
Love, sorrow, peace, . . . and then the end.

REVERIE

MY purple hills, do you
Still sharply cut the pale goldskies
At evening into
The jagged line of amaranth hue
That I once loved? And are the quiet lakes yet
Nestled at your feet,
While in the darkened forest, fir trees rise,
Where rapturous thrushes pour from silver
bells
Unrivalled sound, with wild anguish sweet,
Into the deep wet
Fragrance of fern dells?

SONG

AS the foam is to the sea
Breaking forth exultantly;
As the morning star to dawn
Over some dusk-scented lawn, . . .
You are to me.

Life and duty round me close
While the dull time comes and goes—
You are then its poetry.

As the red that burns the west,
Leaps to flame within my breast,
You are but an ecstasy.

THE MIDNIGHT MOON

FAR away are the stars,
But the watchful moon
Sees the hills sloping down to the dusky bay,
While the young waves sing and clap their hands
In the shining pools of the quiet sands,
Adorned in feathery spray.
She listens alone
To the orchestras
Through the dark forever at play;
She guards the silent, white ships that pass
On their lingering, coastwise way,
Till folded in harbors of sleeping towns
Like sheep that are gathered from fragrant downs,
Like sheep at the end of day;
And only at intervals now and then
Is her watch espied by mortal men.

UNTRAMMELLED

THE children laugh and play and sing
Upon the beach at noon,
While careful nurses wait to bring
Them home from play too soon:

But there is one small elfin maid
Who, when the rest are gone,
Still ever boldly unafraid
In careless mirth plays on.

She steps into the shallow pools
Throughout the shining day,
And startles little fish in schools
That circle in their play;

Free as the wind that crests the wave,
Or any lone sea bird
That haunts the cliffs wild waters lave,
Remote from human word.

Oh, happy child, so blithely free
While trammelled hosts are gone,
Alone with earth and sky and sea
In careless mirth play on.

ESCAPE

I AM tired of their chatter
And their talk of things, things, . . .
And I seek alone the salt wave
Where the day springs.

While the morning sea is breaking
On the clean, washed sand,
And the pied flowers are making
A garden of the land.

And there I lie and dream
With the sunlight on my brow,
While I wonder if you too
Are dreaming now.

A MOOD

SULTRY and hot was the night,
Dimly and pale shone the moon
Through the soft heat haze,
When suddenly, as hounds from the leash,
Sprang the winds
As if from the four corners of heaven.
Howling and moaning they came,
Lashing the sea into foam,
Sweeping the glens with their might.
Like witches they seemed, at a feast;
Distorted, mis-shapen, malign, evil foreboding.
"In spite of September's flower-wreathed face,"
I heard them say,
"Summer is gone, winter now is at hand,
Bringing her friends,
Hunger and cold, disease and death."

A PROTEST

IN the dust of my travel
I think of the bay
With its immaculate waters,
And flowers and sedge,
Like the purple
And gold of heather and furze
Staining the brown
Of the hills sloping down
To its edge.
And I wonder if you too
Rebel
When you see
The grime and dirt
Brought by those who dwell
In cities, careless and inert
Of smirch and soil, . . .
Eager alone in their toil
For wealth,
Forgetting man's true self
And his unquenchable
Thirst for beauty.

IMPRESSION

LIKE a shaft of light upon a prism sundered,
Falling on the pages of my open book
In a shower of rays, scintillating, darting,
Suddenly there breaks your well-remembered look.

First in quiet depths, like autumn pools at evening,
It dares to plumb the mystery of life and death;
Then it sparkles like the snow in Alpine sunlight gleaming,
With the early morning's opalescent breath.

It is attuned to magic woodland ways and whispers,
It dances with the light and dark of silvery beechen shade,
It softens with the droning of bees in scented clovers
On the sloping hillside or in open glade.

It wakens the echo of the measured cadence
Across the moonlit hollows of the salt, far-sounding sea,
Beating endless music into listening caverns
Of old-world sorrows and others yet to be.

Impression

Not foreign to its steady, slowly burning fires,
The thought of incense-laden, languorous tropic
nights,
Yet dominant in expression, it is mystical, in-
tangible,
Like flaming altar candles or far-off northern
lights.

SPIRIT WINDS

SPIRIT winds blow over me
And they are not unkind, . . .
Yet they make a strange place
Of my mind.

I have waked this morning
To find it swept and bare
Of every ardent feeling
I have known there.

Autumn's varied pageant,
Or spring's first timid flower,
Brings to me no color
In this hour.

Even when I think of you
I am cold still,
As the glittering crust of snow
On a lone hill.

TO J. L. W., JR.

WHEN recently
You passed before us on the prow
Of your frail
Boat, with sail
Outstretched behind you, returning
Home upon a summer sea,
The morning sunlight resting
On your brow,
And burnishing
Your hair to gold,
Who could have then foretold
Your passing now?
And yet,
All clothed in shining white,
Your body like a thing of light
Seemed charged with strange, unearthly
purity,
When, indelible as an impress set
Upon an ancient Grecian urn,
Age-long youth and beauty met
In your return.

WHEN YOU ARE TIRED OF THE DAY

WHEN you are tired of the day
And all its dull, grey commonplace,
I like to feel in dreams you may
Sometimes see my face;

And think of me with poetry,
Or evening light upon the hills,
With morning breaking on the sea
And all that in your soul instils

A deeper, livelier feeling . . . .
That thus amid your hurrying stress,
I may, with radiance o'er you stealing,
Dispel your weariness.

BEYOND THE CITY LIGHTS

BEYOND the city lights
The stars are dimly shining,
Like unhappy ghosts
Alone and repining.

I think of island fields
Grey-green with moonbeams,
And of midnight waters breaking
On the shores of my dreams.

But far off as the stars—
Oh, farther than the sea—
In my loneliness of spirit
You seem now to be.

UNDERTOW

UPON the dim, veiled threshold of my life
I listened to a nocturne, while without
In darkness, over wild, out-jutting cliffs,
The passionate, strong waves beat ceaselessly.
I felt entranced by witchery of sound,
For in the music's rapturous cadences
Were strange, sweet whisperings of joys undreamed,
And yet, recurrent, haunting notes of pain
And sorrow, wailed through plaintive minor chords
Like sad, tumultuous, pealing echoes from
The ever sobbing, human-hearted sea. . . .
Many years are gone, and once again
I listen to the nocturne, now beside
The blue and copper of a wood fire's burning;
And while I dream, the music's harmonies
In my own life all seem fulfilled, with here
And there an undertone of sadness, but
Ever uppermost the joy. And yet,
While restless waves of northern seas are far
Away, my thoughts fly forward to the
Ocean of eternity. But still, with such
A calm as that which broods on cool, grey sands
At evening, when gleaming jewels shine
And sparkle through the ever-curling spray,
As if some casket from the fabled east

Had lent its splendor to the alluring sea,
And distant sails high-colored from the west
Lie strewn in paths of light,—in confidence
I rest in that great Power
Who rules the mighty waters at His will.

THE WHITE LILAC

I GAZED upon a shower of wet,
White bloom,
Against a wall
Of living
Green,
And felt the thrill
Of silent growing things that spring
From out the sheer depths of unseen
Eternal beauty:
Yet
An artist's room,
Grey with December's chill,
Approaching night,
My vision bound. The rapture that enthralled me
Rose from master strokes of life and light
Irradiating all
The twilight's gloom.

RETROSPECT

YOU came to me so young and strong,
So bold and free,
You swept the tides of youth along
As the west wind sweeps the sea.

Together we have met life fearlessly,
Much have we dared;
Whatever yet may be,
Gladly we have fared.

WINTER NIGHT

BOLDLY astride the winter night
Stands Orion, armed and bright,
As of old in Syrian skies,
Watched by Job with wondering eyes.

COMPENSATION

WHEN I think of the verse I have left unsaid,
And the many books I have not read,
I am seized with dismay,
For so much of life has burned away.

But when I recall, the moment after,
The merry lips and happy laughter
That have flamed each day,
I am glad of life's insistent way.

BEAUTY

BEAUTY, you are inviolate, . . .
I cannot clasp you as my own;
I am content to consecrate
My soul to you, unknown.

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